Chapter 227: The Guardians of Blessings

At the heart of the Umbra Citadel, within a chamber steeped in shadow and radiating divine energy, Sung Jin-Woo stood in contemplation. The room, a perfect sphere of obsidian with runes of power etched into its surface, pulsed softly with the rhythm of the multiverse.

Sung Jin-Woo raised his hand, and the air around him shimmered with immense power. “It is time,” he murmured, his voice echoing in the vast chamber. “Time to create guardians who can shoulder this duty.”

With a thought, the Scepter of Dominion materialized in his grasp, and he poured a minuscule fraction of his divine essence into the void. Two luminous figures began to take form, their shapes solidifying into identical reflections of himself.

The Ninth and Tenth Clones

The Ninth Clone stepped forward, its form wreathed in shadow, with eyes that glowed an ethereal silver—the manifestation of the All-Seeing Eyes, enabling it to perceive every corner of the multiverse.
The Tenth Clone followed, its form blazing faintly with radiant light, symbolizing its role as a giver of blessings and systems.

Though these clones held only 0.00000000001% of Sung Jin-Woo’s power, their strength surpassed the other clones by design. Their abilities were tailored for their purpose:

1. All-Seeing Eyes: Both clones could see across time, space, and dimensions, perceiving the needs of worshippers and potential threats.

2. Granting Blessings and Systems: They could directly respond to prayers, bestowing blessings, divine assistance, or even the System, as Sung Jin-Woo had once wielded himself.

3. Multiversal Monitoring: They were attuned to the ebb and flow of the multiverse, ensuring balance and detecting disturbances.

Sung Jin-Woo gazed at the clones, satisfied with his creations. “You will be the Guardians of Blessings,” he declared. “Your duty is to monitor the multiverse, answer prayers, and grant aid to those in need. You will work tirelessly, but you are free to take turns in your responsibilities.”

The Ninth Clone bowed. “We will not fail, master.”
The Tenth Clone added, “The multiverse will thrive under your watchful gaze.”

The Monitoring Room

The chamber where the clones were stationed was unlike any other within the Umbra Citadel. The walls glimmered with countless orbs of light, each representing

a world, a universe, or a timeline. The orbs floated in intricate patterns, forming a living map of the multiverse.

At the center of the room stood two thrones, one enshrouded in shadow and the other glowing softly with golden light. The Ninth Clone took its place in the shadowed throne, its eyes scanning the orbs with a serene focus. The Tenth Clone sat in the golden throne, its hands outstretched as it received the prayers and supplications of the faithful.

The room came alive with activity as the clones began their work.

A warrior in a distant realm, on the brink of defeat, cried out for aid. The Ninth Clone located him instantly, and the Tenth Clone granted him a surge of strength, allowing him to turn the tide of battle.

A village plagued by famine sent a collective prayer to the God of Shadows and Life. The Tenth Clone responded, blessing their lands with fertility and abundance.

A shadow soldier, lost in the vast expanse of a conquered abyss, called upon its creator. The Ninth Clone guided it back to its realm, restoring its purpose.

A Tireless Duty

Though the task was immense, the clones worked seamlessly, their connection to Sung Jin-Woo ensuring their actions aligned with his will. They divided their duties, alternating between monitoring and responding.

The Ninth Clone observed, its voice calm and steady. “The multiverse remains stable, but several prayers require immediate attention.”
The Tenth Clone nodded, its hands already glowing as it granted a system to a promising individual who sought strength to protect their people. “Their faith in us is unwavering. We must honor it.”

As Sung Jin-Woo watched from his throne in the Umbra Citadel, a rare smile graced his lips. The multiverse was vast, its challenges unending, but with these new creations, his reach had extended even further.

“With you two guarding the multiverse, I can focus on the greater threats,” he said softly. “The multiverse is in good hands.”

The Ninth and Tenth Clones nodded in unison, their resolve as unshakable as their creator’s. Together, they ensured that no prayer would go unanswered, no shadow would remain unlit, and no call for aid would fall on deaf ears.

Thus, the multiverse thrived, under the watchful eyes of its creator and his tireless guardians.